

A MIRACLE.

sometimes we lie still, too spent to weep, nging for rest as deserts long for rain; undering what spirit stirs the tired brain, Why the poor heart should weary vigil keep; Denied the peaceful, tickling touch of sleep On our pale eyelids; murmuring, "Life is pain; Oh for a rest that does not wake again!" Then comes a sound of rushing through the air, And the baked sands drink up the plashing

Sleep soaks our souls in answer to our prayer; And, marvelous! the next day life is plain,

Easy and simple, profitable and fair!

-H. P. Kimball in Woman's Journal.

A GARDEN HOSE.

Toward the end of a beautiful June day M. and Mme. Lemadie were seated in their garden before the mansion house and tranquilly waiting for dinner. M. Lemadie was reading the newspaper, on which from time to time he commented in a senatorial voice, and Mme. Lemadie was deeply occu-

pied with her work.
"Where can Jeanne be, I wonder," said Mme. Lemadie, stretching her hand toward her work basket and pulling a thread of scarlet silk out of its littered skeins. "Your daughter?" said M. Lemadie. He turned on his chair and looked out of the corner of his eye toward the end of the garden. "There she is," he said, "nozzle in hand,

Scarcely had he spoken when there resounded from the street a sudden cry, ac-companied by a most formidable objurgation, and these were instantly accompanied by the furious remonstances of a second

"What has happened?" cried M. Lemadie, throwing down his journal. "What can be the matter?"

He rose to investigate. A vigorous knock strokes, made him hasten his steps. Opening the gate he found himself confronted by two gentlemen, one a young fellow of twenty-five, the other a stout and hearty gray haired old boy, of opulent mien, who, drenched from head to foot, was vainly endeavoring to dry himself with his pocket

The young man began to expostulate vehemently, breaking out into exasperated reproaches. "What did they mean by inundating his uncle in this manner? And on purpose-to amuse themselves-full in his face-and with a head of water like

M. Lemadie stammered all kinds of excuses, hopping from one foot to another, stupidly turning his straw but about in his fingers, and in a duncelike voice repeating, "I'm sure it must be very unpleasant—very unpleasant?"
"Unpleasant? I should think so!" re-

plied the young man furiously, and dry as a bone himself, was twice as vehement as his uncle. With growing irritation he continued to apostrophize the poor wretch planted motionless before him, a speechless and sorry figure, crying out that it was impossible to conceive paying so little attention to people who might be passing on the street; that it was a perfect insult; returning with ever renewed anger to the iniquity of this sudden and formidable avaianche of water. "No, no, uncle, I refuse to say nothing more about it," cried. "Just look at yourself! See what a state you are in!"

In fact the uncle presented a most lamentable appearance. His collar was nothing but a shapeless pad of linen, his black satin cravat, all awry, was switched up on his neck, his silk hat was seamed with glistening scars, which bristled up here and there like monstrous caterpillars. His waistcoat and trowsers stuck fast to his stout and plentiful person, and from the poor man's elbows, shoulders and hips there was a regular June shower.

Who now came stealing up, head down, on timid, hesitating feet, but Jeanne, the gentleman! Will you please to observe the result of your careless:

cion of a smile hovering about the corners of her lips, when all of a sudden she stood open mouthed, in stupefled immovability. Her pretty face was so droll, all her little was so charming, that with her rumpled hair, her flowered linen garden dress with its slim corsage, and her petticoat pulled up, revealing two almost invisible little feet in the most minute of slippers, that the victim and the impetuous nephew of the victim were disarmed before a word was spoken.

"Pray, never mind, mademoiselle," said the uncle. "I beg you will not give the matter a second thought. It is not every day that one has the honor of a douche

from so charming a hose carrier." She blushed extremely, tried to speak-and then so irresistible a desire to laugh took possession of her that she turned and

fled for very fear of bursting out laughing. Now, somewhat recovering his self pos-session, M. Lemadie was at last able to express his regret in somewhat decent phrase. It then occurred to his hitherto bewildered mind that he might at least offer the profortunate victim of the accident a change of clothes, and with such good humored hospitality did be insist that his offer, at first declined, was finally accepted. Ten | cel. minutes afterward Thibaut, Uncle Thi baut, completely dry, a little squeezed together by his borrowed garments, but thoroughly restored to spirits by a couple of glasses of Marsala, took leave of the Le-

"Come, let us hurry," said he to his ephew. "Your mother will be wondering where we are."

They walked on without a word for half a mile or so, when Thibaut broke out brusquely: "Do you know what I think? That is the sort of young lady I should like to see you marry! Why, she's charming! And as for the Marsala, only a good

father keeps such wine as that." As Marcel did not reply, he went on: Why don't you admit that she is charming, and that you would be a lucky dog,

ch, you rascal? Pooh, uncle, what enthusiasm! Do you ordinarily take fire in this manner when people sprinkle you from a garden bosel Or perhaps it is the wine of this most ex-

ent of fathers." Thibaut was about to reply, when on turning the corner of the street they beheld Mme. Filhol, the anxious mother, coming loward them, and, as her brother in law had prophesied, wondering where they were. Marcel related the annoying incident, and the uncle completed the tale by averring that for his own part he was far from considering it annoying. And in saying so he was pleased to wink at his without consenting to make an explanation of this mysterious action.

Home they reached and sat down to table. The bath had developed an appetite in this old monsieur; he devoured. At dessert, in high good humor, full of his jokes, his elbows on the table-for Uncle Tribaut's manners were really something awwould talk of nothing but the Lemadies, and put his sister-in-law through regular cross examination concerning them. But Mme Filhol could tell him nothing. At Chaton one sees nothing or one's neighbors, and nobody paid visits.

She remembered having seen the girl in of fire, or had just recently learned it. the new famous garden once or twice out

Marcel, with an irritated air, preserved conversation. But the young man pres-ently got up to go look for digars, and then sailors had brought with them and which eame the uncle's chance. Quickly and in thest be ful on wood.

snort, rapid sentences ne expressed his idea. "Adorable young giri—parents ex-cellent people—house first class, first class wouldn't act blindly, of course—must ask wouldn't act bindly, or course—must ask information—but he would attend to all that—but if, as indeed he was certain beforehand"—Re-enter the nephew with the cigars. Thibaut broke off short, and stuck his fat finger to his mouth in sign of waru-Almost at the same moment a formidable sneeze made every glass in the

hall ring again. "Uncle," said Marcel, with the most charming calmness, "you are taking cold." "I shouldn't won-whatchou!" A sec-Thibaut, plunging his face into his handkerchief, strangled therein, one after the other, two more nasal detonations. But his good humor was no whit lessened; he continued to joke, smoking and sneezing together. When the servant from the Lemadie mansion brought him his own ciothes he thrust his hand in his pocket and pulled out a whole louis. "There, my good girl," said he, "take that for your pains. And give my compliments to your master and mistress—mind you don't for-

The next week, in company with his nephew, he went to take the train. As they walked past the Lemadie grounds, Thibaut suddenly stopped and with a firm hand rang the bell. At an impatient move ment from Marcel he turned toward that young man and said, "If this bores you, my dear boy, you can walk on. I, however, certainly owe the Lemadies a visit of thanks, and I shall pay it."

"A visit of thanks? For your cold in the "Exactly," said Thibaut, with perfect

placidity.
The door opened, and Jeanne showed herself, more charming, more enticing than before. Out of mere politeness Mar-

Then followed at ouce the most sympathetic greetings, shakes of the hand warmly exchanged. Then were the chairs gathered about the table, the Marsala was brought, the glasses were filled, and gayly were they clinked together. The conversation became animated, and Tnibaut now let drop the pame of his friend Chevalet. an old wholesale dealer, who at the time when M. Lemadie was in the lewelry man ufacture had done business with him. The old merchant was delighted at this unexpected disclosure of common friendship and in his turn took up the praises of Chevalet and launched into the recital of the affairs great and small of twenty years since, while Jeanne listened, her eyes modestly lowered, and Marcel sat lightly on his chair, his eye in spite of himself caught and fixed by a little blonde curl which just at his right, almost reaching his ear, fluttered out in the soft breeze and would not keep still.

That same evening Thibaut had a long and mysterious colloquy with his sister-inlaw, in which, to judge by the vivacity of the gestures and by the facial contortions of the speaker and by the reflective, attentive physiognomy of the listener, was of the highest interest to both of them.

Soon, soon did Mme. Filhol become the intimate friend of Mme. Lemadie, M. Marcel, her son, strongly and unwilling at first to accompany his mother on her neighborly visits, accustomed himself little by little to the task and ended by paying visits on his own account, when he passed the whole evening there without her. This caused a certain very curious and malicious smile to show itself in the corners of the twinkling eyes of his uncle. Many things did that smile friends. So soon as he appeared she ran to him, her hands outstretched, and even sheen. Jim was only sick a couple of kissed him bravely, like a good old uncle as he was, who knew the future.

On the 12th of September Mme, Filhal asked the hand of Mile. Jeanne Lemadie for her son, Marcel. Nobody was surprised.

table in the garden at the foot of the ter- Big Bill didn't cry, and Bill he walks culprit. "Jeannel" In angry tones the father speke: "Will you kindly look at this twinkled in the dark blue sky, and the moon threwher pale light on the table fastened on the wagon as it turned where the coffee smoked in the cups, and around the serpentine road, and watched projects for the future, the happy future, it until it disappeared on the plain besucceeding each other one after the other low, and then he came back here and without interruption, were gayly dis- sets down awful glum, and says he to me: cussed.

"Niece," said Uncle Thibaut, "will you take a turn in the garden with me?"

He passed the girl's slender arm beneath

his own, and when they reached the spot whence had darted that furious jet of water from the ranch didn't come up Bill used from the nozzle of the hose he stopped her to walk clear down there and get the and he said, "Just suppose I had not been letter that would be sure to be there for on the other side of that gate three months him from Jim, and he would bring it

"Ah, uncle," said Jeanne, "why do you tease me still about that? Haven't you forgiven me yet?"

"Forgiven you?" cried Thibaut. "Why there was nothing to forgive, my dear child. I knew well enough that you didn't do it on purpose.

"Aiming at!" said Thibaut astounded

"But if you' "Oh, good gracious!" said Jeanne. "I-

Consequently she told him all. Under her breath and desperately ashained she owned that she had been aiming at Mar-"He-he used to walk by every day, she said, "and I used to look at him, and he never looked at me, and I used to wonder why, and I did everything I couldwithout doing anything, you know, uncle -but he never honored me with the small-

"The imbecile!"
"Wasn't he? Well, that day I felt so mis wasn't be Well, that day I felt so miserable, so desperate, because be wouldn't
look, and all at once I saw him with
you. Then—oh, I don't know what came
over me, but I thought, 'Ah, you won't
look at me!" and so—bang)—I turned the
nozzle on him. Only I was so wrought up,
so unhappy, that"—
"That it was I who got the docking."

"That it was I who got the ducking! Upon my word, Sparisti, if I had known

"Well?" she said, looking at him boldly her mocking eyes. ell? Well, indeed! I shouldn't have concerned myself about your marriage,

moiselle!"
on wouldn't!" she said, with a look and tone incredulous. "Go along, you dear old uncle; don't I know you? You are too good to, make any one unhappy! And, after all," she said, so coaxingly that Thibaut feit himself lost before she spoke, "you guessed, probably, that you would have in Jeanne a little niece who would have in Jeanne a little niece who would lote you and take care of you better than any other you could find anywhere; didn't you!"—From the French of A. Erhard in North-Latent

According to Pliny fire was a long time unknown to some of the ancient Egyptian tribes, and when a celebrated astronomer made them acquainted with that element and how to produce it they were wild with delight. The Persians. Phenicians, Greeks and several other nations acknowledge that their ancesters were once without the comforts which fire bestows; the Chinese confess the same of their progenitors. Pompanion, Mola, Piutarch and other ancient writers speak of nations which, at the time when they wrote, knew not the use

The inhabitants of the Marian islands, walking with her mother or her maid, but | which were discovered in 1551, had no idea of fire or its uses. Their astonish. ment knew ne bounds when they saw it a severe silence, and the uncle changed the applied to wood, most of them taking it

BIG BILL.

Back of Laramie, Wy., there is a range of hills that would be called mountains anywhere else. Here you can find deep gorges, ravines and valleys. Some twenty miles above the city there is a road that winds up and up into the hills, over acres of barren rock, and then descends down into a beautiful valley where grass is growing luxuriantly, and sheep and antelope are grazing. Follow the road by a miniature lake, and by and by it will lead you around the base of a tall mountain, and there you will find a little log cabin beside a willow lined stream, and you will see there a large sheep corral.

I was lounging on the ground a few years ago in front of the little cabin smoking peacefully, and listening to the wind sighing through the willows and pines, the bleating of the sheep in the corral and the howl of the coyote up in

"As far as I know, Big Bill and me cupant of the cabin, as he sat in the doorway with his pipe in his mouth. "We came up here from the home ranch down on the Laramie river and built this cabin and the corrals in '77. We had about 5,000 sheep to look after, with the dogs to help us, and it was pretty hard work, for then the hills were full of mountain lions, and they din't know the difference between the sheep and the antelope, but we got along all right. As the old man sent some of the sheep down on the plains and others to the home ranch, Bill and me didn't have anything to do, so we went up in the northern part of the state rounding cattle, but in the latter part of 1887 the old man sent for us, and so we came back and took about 3,000 sheep up here to look after.

"We hadn't been here long before a young tenderfoot came up from Omaha to help us, the old man said, but in reality he only wanted a little outdoor exercise. Jim was a mighty good fellow, though, if he was a tenderfoot, and he and Bill became warm friends. Jim was small, thin and pale, and Bill was big, bronzed and full bearded, with hair that fell down on his shoulders. Jim just used to stick by Bill as close as a sick kitten to a hot brick, and used to follow him away over by Dirty Em mountain and Ragged Top, and when he came in at sundown he would look like a corpse, but after a while he got as strong as an ox and slept like a horse. After supper they would take their pipes and tobacco and go out there under yonder tall pine, and would talk until long into the night, and I used to sit here and wonder what the mischief they would talk about. But Jim was the best natured fellow that ever lived, excepting, of course, Big Bill. All that summer they were as inseparable as the lamented Siamese twins, and when one went down to the home ranch or to Laramie the other would go too.

"One day Jim wasn't feeling well, and I'm blessed if Bill didn't camp right by signify. Jeanne and he had become great his bedside all day long, and me and sheep. Jim was only sick a couple of days, and the next Sunday when the men from down on the ranch came up to bring us some papers and canned stuff they brought a letter for Jim from his For several weeks they had all known what employers down in Omaha asking that he come home at once. When Jim got That very evening both families sat at ready to go I am an Indian if he and clear up to the top of the hill, and sat

" 'Jake, Jim's an all fired good feller.' " 'You bet he is.' "That's all I said, but Big Bill under-

stood me. Every Sunday when the men back up here, and we used to work pretty hard to read it, even if it was written with a typewriter, for you know neither Bill nor me had ever had any schooling. They were awful good letters, though, and once he sent us some fine woolen shirts and mittens, and some crack to-"And that is perfectly true," said Jeanne | bacco and a couple of pipes; this is one without thinking "for it wasn't you I was of them now. About a month after he left we got a letter saving he was going to be married, and he was dead anxious for Big Bill to come down and take it in, but Bill wouldn't do it, because he said Jim might be ashamed of him; but Jim wasn't that kind of a fellow, as I'm going

to tell you pretty soon "About three years after his marriage Jim wrote a letter asking both Bill and me to come down and see him and his wife and the kid, and there was a lot of scribbling, which Jim said was the baby's invitation. Course I knew it was Big Bill they wanted to see, although Jim and me were good friends, but as Bill allowed he wouldn't go if I didn't go with him, I consented to go, and so when the sheep had been moved down to the ranch we went down to Omaha. We didn't tell him we were coming, for Bill thought it would be big fun to surwe were kinder scared, seeing all the people and the rustle; but a policeman comes up and asked us who we wanted, and we told him the name of the firm Jim worked for and he explained how to get there. Bill and me started out and crossed the viaduct. I believe that's what it's called, a big bridge over the railroad tracks, and when we got to the other end and walked around a bit we saw the sign up and we crossed over and went in. There were lots of men working there, and Jim was standing up talking to a girl who was a-writing like a congressman. When Bill saw him he walks right up and shoves out his hand

and says he in a loud, cheery voice:
"'Hullo, ole Jim, how be ye?" "Jim just looked up and then jumped a in both of his and then he grabs mine. a-talking like a politician all the time. He excused himself for a minute and reads a little more to the girl and then he introduced us to three or four people and got his coat. The girl turned around and commenced hitting a machine and Bill went up and took off his hat and his long hair fell about his face and be said:

'That's one of those typewriters, ain't it, miss?

"And the girl looked up and smiled awfully nice and says, 'Yes, sir,' and then Jim came along and we left. We see how Jim could find his way around killed Mrs. Jim. When he got better she

hill. A partty little house stood up above the street and we went up, for that was where Jim lived. The house "For a while he was a good deal better," the curtains were shoved aside and a young lady came in. She stood for a second, and Jim just said "my wife," when she stepped forward with the sweetest kind of a smile and taking my

pard's hand and says: "'This is Big Bill, I know, and Jake. I am glad to see you.'

"Bill just looked all broke up for a min ute and then he turned to Jim: "'No wonder you married, Jim,' says

"Jim and his wife just laughed, and while they were enjoying themselves a little child came into the room and ran up to his father, and he took him up in his arms and kissed him and then set him down on the floor, and he ran over to where Bill was sitting in one of those big chairs and climbed up in his lap, and were the first white men who herded sheep up here in the hills," said the octhe kid ran his little hands through the big man's beard and long hair, and seemed to enjoy it immensely, and pretty soon Bill turns to Jim and says he: " 'You had better take this, Jim.

ain't used to handling such lambs.' "Jim reached out for the child, but he clung close to Bill. A flush of pride comes into my pard's face, and he looked

up and said:

"'What's the kid's name. Jim?" "But before Jim could answer the boy said 'Bill' just as plain, and the big felat her husband and he read the answer you will soon get well.' in their faces, and then he pressed the the fort. Bill looked awful happy sitthe kid and Mrs. Jim laughing softly and talking merrily while her husband buildings and took us up to one of those swell clubs and introduced us around as though we were millionaires instead of poor sheep herders, and a reporter gave Bill a great write up too.

was the matter, for it was on Thursday and we thought something was up. He had a letter with a black margin from Bill and he tore it open and it was from Mrs. Jim, saving that Jim had been taken suddenly sick and had died. Well, sir, Bill just took the letter in his hand and turned around like one that's paralyzed and he walked straight over yonder under that pine tree where he and Jim had laid so often and threw himself down on the ground. I looked after the sheep, and at sundown I drove them all up here into the corral and then Shep and me went over, and the dog, when he saw Bill lying flat on the ground with his face in his arms, gave one long and agonizing howl and began licking Bill's face and Bill reached up and pulls Shep right down by him and said awful soft

"'Your heart's broken, too, ain't it,

"He lay there for a long while, and the moonlight came out from behind the clouds and bathed the hills and the val-Big Bill, lying with his head on the dog and sobbing to himself. It was almost morning, and the moonlight had died away, and the eastern heavens were tinged by the light of the rising sun and a soft wind stirred the willows there he the brook, and murmured through the pines, when he arose and come over here to the cabin. I was so dead tired that I had slept all night, and when he opened the door I was just getting up.

"'Jake,' he said, 'I have got to go down to Omaha.*

" 'Because,' he said, 'you know Jim was pretty extravagant and he didn't get much of a salary, and I wouldn't be surprised if his wife and the kid was pretty hard pressed. I must go down and look after them, for I know Jim would like to have me do so."

"I saw there wasn't any use of talking, and so he shook hands with me and started out over the hills for the ranch. He drew all the money coming to him, and I didn't see or hear anything from him until along toward the close of the summer, when one evening, as Shep and were sitting out here, and a-puffing my pipe, I heard a step, and looking up, I saw Big Bill.

"I didn't know him at first. He had on store clothes. His hair was short and he only wore a mustache. He looked like a corpse. His cheeks and eyes were sunken, and he had a cough that pained him terribly. He had walked all the way up from Laramie, and as he was pretty well pegged out I didn't say much to him, but just got him some thing to eat and put him to bed. He used to sleep like an ox, but all night he was restless, and pitching backward and forward on the bed. Next day he prise him. When we got into Omaha told me that when he got in Omaha he went up and saw Mrs. Jim and the kid and that she was all broke up. You see Jim had spent money pretty freely and when his debts was paid she didn't have a cent, and Bill told her that Jim had lent him a lot of money, which, of course, was not so, and that he would pay it back now. You see, if Bill had offered to have helped her she wouldn't have taken a cent, but as long as she believed Bill owed the money it was all right.

"So Bill got a job working on the grades, but he told her he was just resting in Omaha, and every Saturday night he used to give her nearly all his earnings, and just starved himself and slept in a tent with the horses out in the suburbs at night in all kinds of weather. and breathing the dust and dirt all day yard and grabs Bill's outstretched hand and the stable at night, and not eating at all regularly, his health broke down and he was taken to a hospital. About this time an old aunt of Mrs. Jim's died and left her a pile of property. Mrs. Jim kinder suspected something was wrong with Big Bill, but she couldn't get anything out of him, though she tried awful hard. She 'lowed to tell Bill the next Saturday night when he came, but he didn't come, and she couldn't guess what was the matter until she saw by a paper that he had been taken to the hospital. She went up there to see him and he was delirious, and when he was out of his head he told all about what he went out, and I'll be switched if I could had been doing, and it liked to have

tric cars, but we got on one of them trains and rode for about half an hour and then we got off and walked up a she was just bound he would be paid

"For a while he was a good deal better, was fixed up in great shape, and as Bill but his cough got worse, and by and by and me stood there kind of awkward he didn't pretend to do anything but just walk around with his head down and his hands behind him and talk about Jim and little Bill and Mrs. Jim, and he would lay out there in the cold night air with his head in his hands, looking up at the star dotted heavens and listening to the wind moaning through the pines. I got a letter from Mrs. Jim asking if Bill had come up here and how he was, and I managed to write back how he was. Well, one morning Bill didn't get up and I saw that he was pretty bad,

and so I didn't go out with the sheep but just left them in the corral while I attended to Bill. Along about noon I heard Shep bark, and looking out I saw a carriage coming around the mountain there, and I thought it was a doctor which the old man had sent up, but when it drew up Mrs. Jim and little Bill got out.

" 'Is there anything the matter? He isn't dead, is he? she asked me. 'I have come and will take him back where be can have the best of medical attendance. I can never forget what he did for Billie and I, just for Jim's sake."

"I didn't say anything, but just pointed into the little cabin, and she and the kid went in and leaned over him. He opened his eyes, and when he saw her he tried to raise himself, but he couldn't.

" 'Am I dead?' he asked. "'No,' said Mrs. Jim, Billie and I have come up here for you, and we will low looked up first at Mrs. Jim and then take you back with us to Omaha, where

"'You are very kind,' he said, and child close to his bosom, and two big then smiled softly, drew a heavy sigh tears came into his eyes and fell on his and died. Mrs. Jim leaned over him cheeks. We felt at home right away, and her tears fell upon his face as she and that afternoon Jim got a carriage kissed him, and little Bill and me were and drove us all over the city and out to crying too. We buried him next day, when the men came up from the ranch. ting on the back seat with Mrs. Jim, and out there under the tall pine, where he and Jim used to lie so much, and where he spent so much of his time after he and Bill spoke of when Jim was up here got back from Omaha, and a few days in the hills. We staid there for three after Mrs. Jim came up in a carriage days, and Jim just showed us all the big from Laramie, acting as the guide for a man who brought up a stone for Bill's grave.

There were tears in the eyes of the old sheep herder when he finished, and we arose and went over to the grave. The "About a month after we were down in | wind was sighing a requiem through the Omaha we saw a man from the ranch tall pine tree, and the little stream was riding up, and so we went over to see what murmuring the sweetest music as it ran along over the rocks. In the moonlight I read on the plain marble slab the simple inscription:

> BIG BILL, ONE OF THE NOBLEST OF MEN.

-R. A. Eaton in Omaha Herald.

The Dangers of a Doctor's Life.

Eighteen thousand doctors are now required to guard the health of the British islands. Few of them spend the evening of their days in competence and retirement. The doctor's life is the most dangerous of all, and, on the average, the shortest of all. It is even more dangerous than the soldier's. Exposed to the contagion of fatal diseases, to cold, to night air, to accident, it is not to be wondered that he falls early in the battle of life. In every little town may be found clergymen, officers, brewers, grocers, tailors, schoolmasters, jewelers, shoemakers and even peddlers, who end leys with the soft light, and it fell upon | the evening of life in affluence and ease. But how seldom the doctor. He generally dies in harness.-London Tit-Bits.

Did you ever watch people bow? It is quite a study to note the variety of facial contortions and the divergence as to the method of bobbing the head.

You have probably noticed the dignified little bend of the head accompanied by a passive countenance. It does not mean much, and when it does the special graces and commendable virtues are not indicated in the definition. A genial bow has as much to account for as a hearty hand clasp, and one frigid recognition has been known to drench a sprouting friendship with ice water and kill it

on the spot. Heads are often tossed back and then bent down, and I have taken delight in observing a man who opens his mouth as if to facilitate the tilting of his head. On some occasions a greeting is given by a solemn wagging of the head, just as people in some localities shake hands

with a motion from side to side. With a few people the whole face lights up as they greet their friends, and to those cheery, whole souled mortals we give an unasked and voluntary confidence. Lips can be curled into a fairly good imitation of a smile. Eyes can be danced into a dreary semblance of mirth. Words can be strung together Druggist. by the brain and uttered in tones of counterfeited joy, but we can read the falseness and mark the absence of heart on every feature.

Those who are glad to see us rarely disguise the fact, and those who are not can scarcely force our belief from resting upon the foundation of a perhaps disagreeable truth,-Toronto Globe.

What the Hatter Said About People. A good way to indge a man is to listen to his talk when he comes in to buy a hat for himself. It is all right for a man to ask his tailor what he ought to wear. But every man ought to know what sort of a hat is most becoming to him. No article of a man's wearing apparel so completely makes or unmakes him as his hat. There are men who should never wear any other than a silk hat, just as there are men who should never wear anything in the way of a hat except a Derby. There are men who will never look like anything human with either. Some men were born to wear

nothing but the soft hat. I would not vote for a man who does not know what sort of a hat he should wear without taking the advice of another on the subject. I believe it was Shakespeare who said that dress proclaims the man. Shakespeare knew what he wanted to say, I reckon, but if he ever paid any attention to the matter he would have said the hat. It is my observation that a man will say more foolish things when he goes to buy a hat than at any other time.-Interview in Chicago Tribune.

The demand for Percheron horses for export is so great that the purity of the breed has been started in France by which the pedigree may be preserved and the race with all the warrons and people and elec- used to take him out driving, and said kept up to the standard.



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